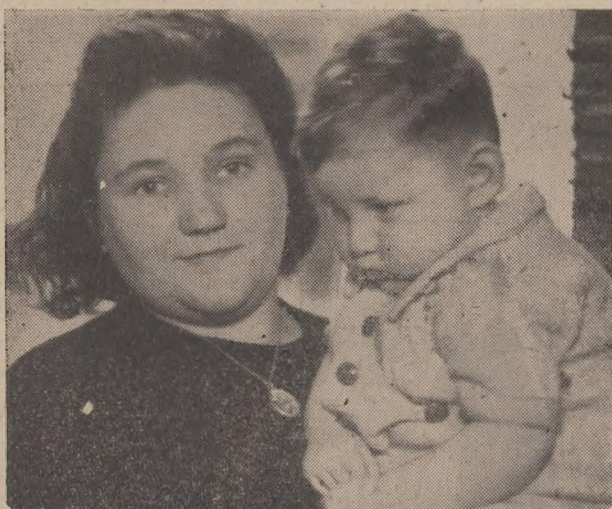


Good Morning 520

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Looking for a Lap, Stoker P.O. Jas. Payne

THERE'S a big bouncing boy lar message comes from your waiting, looking around for wife, who hopes soon to hear a lap to sit on at 19 Kay Street, the sound of your key in the Glasgow, Stoker P.O. Jas. front door.

Yes, sir, he's your baby, and it's a safe bet he's going to keep you plenty busy when you get back to Blighty.

Everyone at home is well, and Aunt Nan and Tommy, just returned from a spell at Rothesay, are very fit.

Some more good news comes from over the road, where "There's plenty of beer at the 'Stag,' in case you need a quick one to help you on your way to Wally's Bar."

Guess we don't have to amplify that sentence. From the loud laughter we catch on that more times than once a certain sailor has used those words.

No, 19 supplies more good cheer, in the shape of a message from your mother and father. "We are all fit at home, son, and we're looking forward to your return home."

Back home again, and a simi-

News of Paddy has just arrived. He's over in Belgium, and says he's having the time of his life. He comments that "It's a good thing we have the Royal Marines on our side." No doubt you will be able to take him up on that.

Tommy and Charlie are as bright as ever, of course, and are already making plans for the big celebration.

Ann is expected any day to bring along baby Gordon for a few weeks. The baby has been adopted by your wife for a short while whilst Ann goes into hospital for a minor operation.

More celebration talk dates itself to Hogmanay—you will be invited to excel your record of drinking Ann's cocktail cabinet dry.

Final word comes from your wife: "All my love, darling. God bless and keep you safe till we meet again."

Barbara's Box o' Tricks L.Tel. Dennis Ratcliffe

A SILVERY haired tot of 16 months was playing in the garden. She was all smiles, and we would never have guessed that only three weeks earlier this baby had had an operation.

"Good Morning" representatives were at 18 Thornydyke Avenue, Bolton, Lancs, and the baby, the daughter of L.Tel. Dennis Ratcliffe.

Dennis should have heard of Barbara's illness, and we hope our picture will help convince him that she has now fully recovered. We couldn't keep her out of the photographic equipment, by the way.

Barbara isn't talking yet, of course, but we understand that, "like the fellows in the submarines," she does sometimes ask for tea.

Your wife, Kathleen, sends all her love, Dennis. She's still helping to run the hair-dressing salon.



Young Barbara's decided what she's going to do when she grows up. She's going to let off the flashlights for a Press photographer.

W.O. Sold Forth Secrets— £20 Note Betrayed Him

IT was a Bank of England note for £20 that sent Gunner George Charles Parrott to prison.

This is a story that makes its own particular appeal to seamen, for Gunner Parrott was a Navy man—found guilty of supplying naval information to a foreign power.

There was a woman in it. There nearly always is; but this one never appeared in the case, and her real name was never spoken. She went to the Palace Theatre one evening, sat next to Gunner Parrott, talked to him, told him (so he said) that she was a sea captain's widow; and the climax was that Parrott, appeared at the Old Bailey in January, 1913, charged.

"that you, being a British officer, on July 1, 1912, at Ostend, feloniously did communicate to certain persons unknown certain information which was calculated to be useful to an enemy; to wit, information in regard to the arms, armaments, disposition and movements of the ships and men of the Navy of our lord the King."

I am telling this criminal record to emphasise that naval men can't be too careful when a skirt flutters over the horizon. There are many "seamen's widows" ready to take seamen in tow, for spying is as old as mankind, and it doesn't take a war to show 'em up.

The fact is, what is called Intelligence Service goes on in peace as in war, and there is always a group of men sitting in offices whose job is to collect the details sent in by their agents, and so piece the jigsaw together to make a pattern. All the same, the Parrott

case came as a shock to the British public. It came as a shock to other publics, too, and its details were read, every word of them, in Germany especially.

Mark you, there was no talk of war in 1912; but war came two years later. So you can't be too careful.

Gunner Parrott had a long and good conduct service in the Navy. In 1912 he was in charge of the rifle range at Sheerness. Before that he had been on duty on the Clyde where H.M.S. Agamemnon, sister to the Lord Nelson, was constructed.

After the launch Parrott was warrant officer supervising the placing of guns and the fire-control instruments on her. He had access to almost every part of the ship.

He came to be suspected in a simple way. On the 11th of July, 1912, he sent off a telegram from Sittingbourne, near Sheerness, to "Richard Dingay," at an address in Berlin. The telegram read: "Coming eight o'clock Saturday." He signed it "Seymour."

Two days later he obtained leave to go to Plymouth, but he didn't go to Plymouth. He took the train to Sittingbourne, and with him was a woman dressed in black.

Parrott did not know that a detective from the dockyard

was watching him, following him.

At Sittingbourne, Parrott left the woman and took a train for Dover. He walked around the town for some time (still followed), and then visited a steamship agency, and so to the jetty where the Ostend boat was ready to sail.

And there, on the jetty, the detective spoke to him. Parrott said he was a civilian, but the detective wasn't having any of that and searched him. On Parrott were found a naval signal form and a curious scrap of a letter which contained sentences that seemed to be instructions.

On one side of the paper was the Berlin address of "Richard Dingay." Who was Richard? asked the detective. Parrott said Richard was a lady who wrote to him under that name, and he hoped the detective wouldn't mention this to his (Parrott's) wife. The interview ended.

Parrott went aboard the Ostend boat, thinking he had got rid of the detective. So he had. But another had taken up the trail, and this one was none other than William Melville, a retired superintendent of Scotland Yard, who did special jobs when asked.

Melville did not speak to Parrott. He just followed. At Ostend he saw Parrott meet a

man who sidled up to the Gunner. They went off together. Through the town they walked, then out again to the promenade, where they sat down on two chairs. Melville was sitting not far off.

After a while Parrott and his friend rose and separated. Parrott made a call at a cafe and then back to the night boat for Dover.

Next day he turned up in uniform at Sheerness docks. He was asked why he had left the country without permission, contrary to regulations, and gave as his excuse that he had gone to meet a lady friend.

He explained that this lady had sat next him at the Palace Theatre, had talked to him, sighed about her widowhood, and had asked him to meet her at Ostend. It was to her, said Parrott, that he had sent the wire, signing it "Seymour" because he didn't want her to know just who he was.

The inquiry into all this was not satisfied with Parrott's story. On August 14th his name was removed from the Navy List and he became a civilian in reality.

I have not space to go into every nook and cranny of all his activities after that. He took lodgings in Battersea under the name of Couch, and had letters addressed to that name delivered at a tobacconist's shop in King's Road, Chelsea.

Now came on to the scene no less an investigator than Superintendent Quinn, of the Yard—Quinn who was the "guardian of kings," and was the first Metropolitan policeman to be knighted. Sir Patrick, he was, and deserved it.

Quinn set the trap. Some letters had been taken and opened, and one day Parrott strolled into the shop and asked for his mail. One letter was handed over to him, and, as he picked it up, out came three detectives from the back shop, and that was that.

This particular letter was obviously written by a German. It asked for particulars of the Fleet in the Firth of Forth, the destroyer flotillas, and whether any mobilisation tests had been made, and other things. It also enclosed £10 for a trip to the Forth to find things out.

At the Old Bailey, Parrott had "explanations" of his own concerning this mysterious lady for whose sake he had gone, since he became a civilian, to Hamburg and to Flushing. But he didn't know what the Solicitor-General (then Sir John Simon) had up his sleeve. Sir John Simon had Parrott's bank account up his sleeve.

In that account there were many items of five-pound notes, and there were sums up to £50 put into the account on single occasions. There was a particular entry for £20 which had been paid into his bank in May, 1912, somewhere around the date he said he had met the lady in the Palace Theatre.

He was asked by prosecuting counsel where he got that note. He replied that he got it from a German language teacher's wife whom he had lent £65 when she lived in London. She had gone back to Germany, he said.

"Would it surprise you to learn," said counsel, "that the note was issued by the Bank

(Continued on Page 3)

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BARNEY BEDFORD.

NO HEROICS IN CIVVY STREET

IT is with pride that men wear the Honours given for outstanding courage and self-sacrifice in war. The ribbons on their uniforms give them a place of honour among their fellow men, and rightly so.

The V.C., D.S.O., D.S.C., George Cross, D.F.C., and similar awards rank high while the grim business of war is pursued; they are, too, a rung on the ladder of promotion.

But when men are discharged on account of wounds or sickness, and after final demobilisation, all such

honours disappear. The hero of war has often been the outcast of peace.

His decorations and medals are usually locked in a drawer, and, too often, with the wolf at

the door, they have found their way to the pawnshop. The civilian carries no mark that he shall be known as one whose "conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in action" saved his country in the hour of peril. Is this right?

A very few decorations, such as the V.C. and D.C.M., carry a small annual monetary grant; but neither the D.S.O. nor the D.S.C., for example, confer any privilege upon its holder, except that as an official courtesy—though it is seldom if ever recognised should you be brought before a magistrate or brow-beaten by a bureaucrat of a Government Department—the letters designating the award may be added to your name in correspondence.

This is a custom, by the way, unique to the British Empire.

The man who must carry the burden of his wounds for life has no mark to show his disability. He must fight in queues for trains and buses, or be left behind. He gets no priority.

King George V ordered that on Armistice Day medals should be worn. With rare exceptions when men were able to attend a memorial service or a British Legion rally, no such custom arose. In fact, the more decorations and medals a man had earned, the less likely was he to wear them.

Thus they disappeared, to be brought out once in a while to show to one's children. I fear

Medals for gallantry should carry distinct privileges and the wounded in peacetime should not fight in queues or be left behind, says
Lt.-Col. GRAHAM SETON HUTCHINSON, D.S.O., M.C.

But, regarding this question in its widest aspect, does it not seem that there is a lack of public conscience where the honours conferred by the King are at stake?

If a man is given a peerage "for political services"—usually a large subscription to Party funds—or is dignified as

(Continued on Page 3)

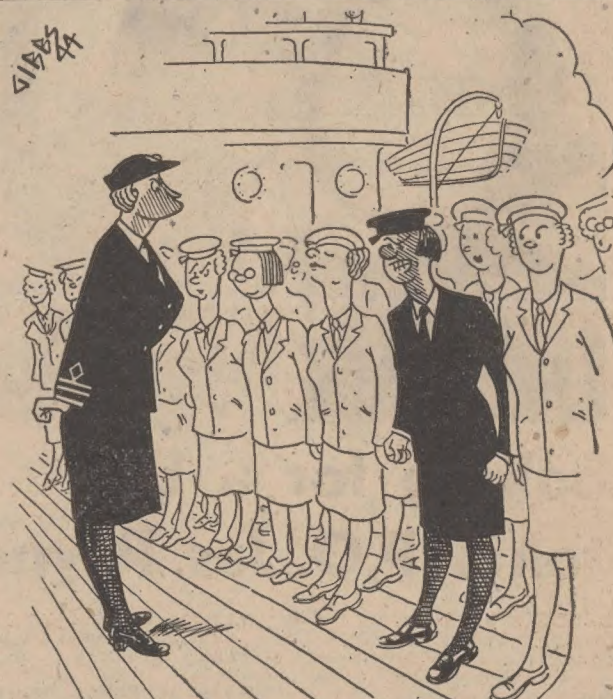
Universally in Europe and America, often also in other foreign States, men with battlefield distinctions wear a tiny rosette or ribbon in the jacket lapel.

Such rosettes are, officially protected; and the Legion of Honour of France, for example, carried certain privileges in travel and in local life. But it is not the rule in Great Britain that the holders of war distinctions shall occupy any place of honour at civic receptions, nor in the life of local government. The profiteer and his lady will certainly be upon the platform, but not the hero of war.

I know of very few exceptions to this rule. The famous Bluecoat School provides a nomination for the son of any Old Boy who gains a war distinction, and the Kitchener Memorial Scholarships give a priority to the sons of men who have fallen, or have been disabled, or who have earned awards in war.

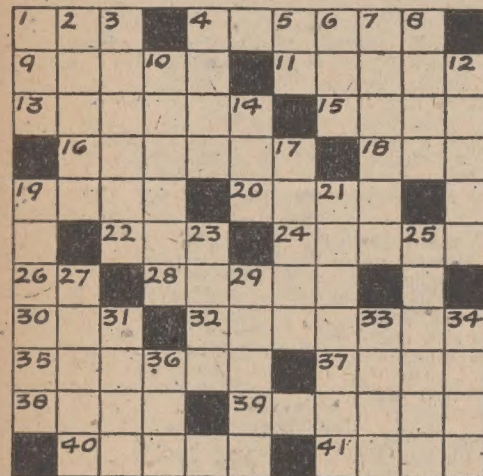
Orders, decorations and medals for gallantry should carry distinct privileges.

There should be a special income tax allowance. There might well be priorities for wives and children, extended also to widows and orphans. Employment, housing, education and rationing are fields in



"No, I WON'T be your 'dear ickle blank file,' see—I 'ad no one to talk to yest'day!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Grate.
- 4 Bird.
- 9 Diminish.
- 11 Women's quarters.
- 13 As a whole.
- 15 Birch.
- 16 Winner.
- 18 Girl's name.
- 19 Bureau.
- 20 Scottish island.
- 22 Chop.
- 24 Mirror.
- 26 What.
- 28 Proportion.
- 30 Small lump.
- 32 Lowered.
- 35 Abject.
- 37 Clouded.
- 38 Tramp.
- 39 Be incumbent on.
- 40 Informative.
- 41 Went fast.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Poke roughly.
- 2 Over.
- 3 Edible root.
- 4 Skin.
- 5 Really.
- 6 Tun.
- 7 Mistakes.
- 8 Marsh-plant.
- 10 Colloquial watch.
- 12 Where-withal.
- 14 Pronoun.
- 17 Indefinite.
- 19 Soaking.
- 21 Casts off.
- 23 Manufactured articles.
- 25 Part of coat.
- 27 North American lake.
- 29 Welsh resort.
- 31 Infant.
- 33 Whip end.
- 34 Coloured.
- 36 Promise.

BASS ATTIRE
ACHIEVE SON
IRON ANIMUS
TOWERING G
B C LITLED
PAPUA SOUR
STARCH ORGY
A RECUR BEN
LID EBNITE
MOORS TON S
SUN SKEWERS

I get around

RON RICHARDS

COLUMN



SCIENTISTS have discovered a new method of waterproofing, so perfect that a sailor equipped with the new material could fall into the sea and come up with his clothing bone-dry, according to the "Daily Mirror."

Troops will be able to crawl through wet grass and over muddy ground, ford rivers, or wade ashore waist deep, and still keep dry.

A band of scientists and other experts experimenting with a secret formula for the waterproofing of uniform and equipment have made this possible. Their experiments have been going on for some time.

Now "backroom boys" have the answer to their prayer. Garments and webbing equipment treated by the new method have been given a thorough battle-test on sea and land under all sorts of conditions.

Every possible emergency which troops may encounter in water has been staged for tests.

Proofed material has been immersed in salt water, and fresh water has been poured, thrown and sprayed.

And the result is a material that can take it—or rather it won't take water.



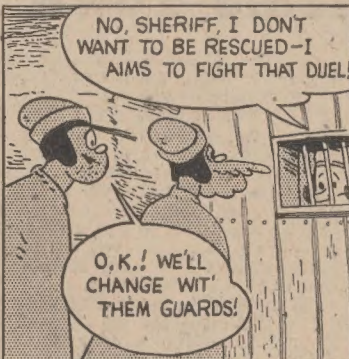
AFTER 49 years' service, during which he has seen his club win the F.A. Cup three times, Charlie Foweraker, one of Lancashire's premier sportsmen, is retiring from active service with Bolton Wanderers.

Medical advice prompted him to part from what he has always termed his "big happy family." As secretary-manager he is succeeded by Walter Rowley, former club half-back, who has latterly assisted him in administration.

Some of the finest exponents have passed through the hands of Charlie Foweraker. Himself an astute tactician, he did much towards moulding the styles of David Jack, Ted Vizard, J. R. Smith and other stars of the old regime.

His generalship carried the Wanderers through to victory in that historic first Wembley final 21 years ago. Incidentally, one member of that select eleven is playing to-day—Billy Butler, whose twenty-fifth season in active soccer this is.

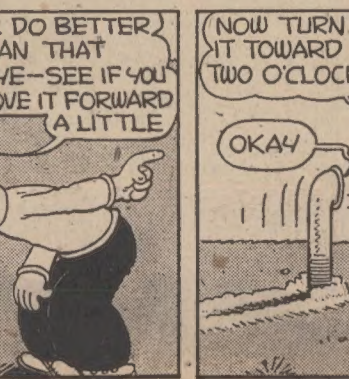
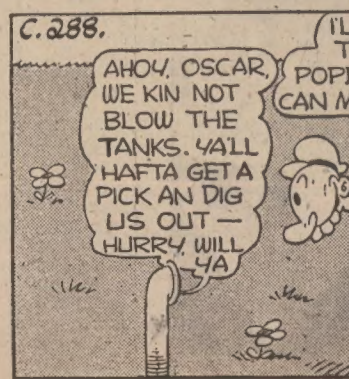
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

459

1. Insert consonants in A**E* and A*I*A*I* and get two colours.

2. Here are two common garden flowers whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they? SATEWES — RETAPE.

3. In the following four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 7OR26719E, 749D4, 34G64, 342K4L.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 458

1. YELLOW, VIRIDIAN.
2. Otter, Stoat, Marten, Mandrill.
3. TURQUOISE—BERYL.

JANE



WHAT THE CROOK FORGOT

(Continued from Page 1)

of England on April 24th, 1912, that it went to a firm of bankers in Lombard Street, and from there into the hands of a foreigner staying in a London hotel?

"It would surprise me," answered Parrott.

"And do you still tell us that this note was handed to you by your friends at Sheerness before they left England?"

Parrott was cornered. You see, he forgot that twenty-pound notes can be traced, and are traced.

"Supposing what, I suggest is true, as I can prove?" asked counsel. "What then?"

"It would prove I am a liar," stumbled the gunner.

He tried to recover. He said the note he had in mind would have come to him through Stock Exchange transactions.

Blundering, that is what he was doing. He was breaking all the thin ice about him. For counsel immediately asked the name of his broker. And Parrott "couldn't remember."

He had let himself in for it with a vengeance.

"Would you like to send round to their office for their books?" snapped counsel.

Well, that was about the crisis. A few more insistent questions, and Parrott looked finished. He was finished. It was like a boxing scene in which the loser's defence had broken down. He was ready to be counted out.

He was counted out. He swung round in the witness-box, seemed to be clawing for air—and broke down completely.

The judge summed up, coldly, analytically. He talked of the jury finding perhaps one man in the Navy "whom we may have no reason to be proud of."

It took the jury exactly twenty-five minutes to come to a verdict; and the sentence was four years' penal servitude.

I think that Parrott had expected much less. He probably did not know that he could have got more—up to seven years—for that crime. Even the four years took his breath

away. He made a grab for the dock-rail, let go, swayed backward, then grabbed again. A numbness seemed to strike him, a bewilderment smote him between the eyes.

Then the old discipline asserted itself. He straightened with an effort, turned as if on parade, and marched down to work his passage in a cell. He had uprooted a career and flung it away for a woman and a handful of banknotes.

And, after all, it was the German Navy that surrendered when war came, not ours.

LIFE IN VORK UTA

NATIONS, like individuals, cannot be expected to put their house in order overnight, and here is a humorous sidelight on Russia. Pravda is severe about the conduct of affairs in the new township on Polar tundra, called Vork Uta. It declares: "Not a single department of the city council functions. When three couples thrice applied to register their marriages they were told: 'Never mind, just live together with our blessing until our registration books arrive.'"

NO HEROICS IN CIVVY STREET

(Continued from Page 2)

a Knight, his name thereafter appears at the top of the Civic Roll, and he has a place, so to speak, at the high table.

But if by some superhuman feat of courage and endurance, as a member of a submarine crew, he crawls through an enemy minefield and blasts his shipping, or, risking all, destroys a German convoy by a feat of navigating skill of great hazards, he receives his decoration as a one-day wonder, and then is forgotten.

It seems an amazing commentary on life in Britain that only when some wretched man is charged with a crime are his war services taken into consideration.

But even so, not by law, nor by regulation, but only by the consideration of a judge or stipendiary, and seldom is a bench of magistrates interested at all.

I have given you at least some suggestions. If the Authorities went no farther than to sanction the wearing of a rosette, made up from the appropriate ribbon, in the lapel of the coat, I think it is a custom which would be widely welcome, and the citizens of to-morrow would give their dues to the heroes of to-day.

But surely, is it not a shabby Democracy which so ignores the gallantries and sacrifices of war in the piping times of peace?

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 43

1. Rearrange the following to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Augmented lightning is from a by the of the flash echoes thunder clouds noise.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Wet, Warm, Dry, Sticky, Doughy, Lumpy, Gluey.

3. How many properties can

QUIZ for today

1. A cortile is a courtyard, silk fibre, kind of brick, article of dress, Spanish shoe?

2. What is the more respectable name of the flower commonly called Naked Ladies?

3. If you were a herpetologist, what would you study?

4. What is the difference between a meteor and a meteorite?

5. Capernaum is on the River Jordan, Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Sea of Azov?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Alicante, Barcelona, Valencia, Ancona, Malaga?

Answers to Quiz in No. 519

1. Box in which a ship's compass is kept (same as binnacle).
2. London Pride.
3. Stadda.
4. North to South.
5. Eel, split and broiled.

you think of which paper and string have in common?

4. If next Tuesday were to-day to-morrow would be eleven days from yesterday. What day is it to-day?

(Answers in No. 521)

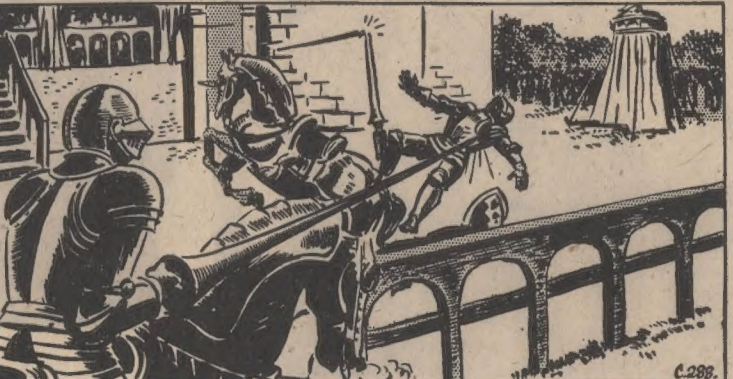
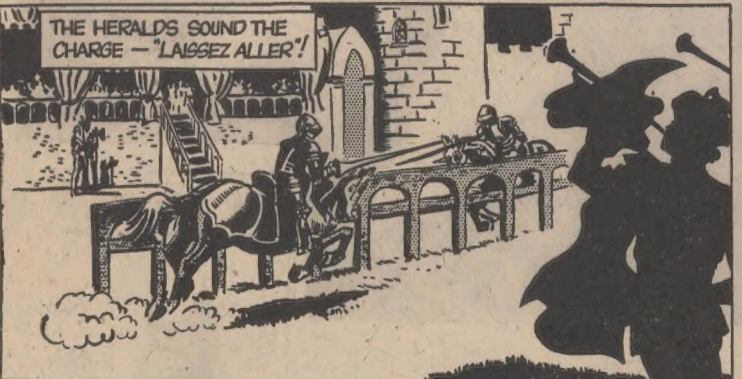
Answers to Test No. 42

1. Round.
2. Staple is not threaded; others are.
3. (a) No, (b) No, (c) No. (London to Birmingham trains might be early, but not necessarily so.)
4. My sister-in-law; his cousin.

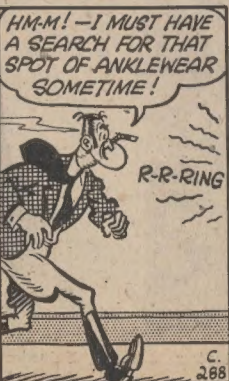
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sport Oddities

CLOSE, disputed finishes have led to "mechanical" judges for racing being used in the U.S.A., a photograph showing instantly which horse was in front—if any. They have not yet made full use of a "robot" umpire for baseball patented a few years ago.

By means of light beams and photo-electric cells, this device registered instantly whether a ball entered the "strike" zone or was a "ball." In speed record-breaking for racing aircraft, the use of a mechanical (photo-electric) judge for timing is compulsory for international recognition.

ALEX ENDIE, U.S. golfer, once drove a ball into a telephone directory four feet away. The ball passed neatly through the directory and travelled on for 100 yards. The directory contained about 1,000 pages.

JUST before the war a new "high catching" record was set up in Cleveland, U.S.A. Thirty-five years ago, Gabby Street had caught a baseball dropped from the top of the Washington Monument—550 feet. This time the balls were dropped from a skyscraper 708 feet high and caught by Henry Helf and Frank Pytlak, of the "Indians." The velocity of the balls at the end of their fall was calculated at 138 m.p.h., and those that missed their mark bounced six stories high. The catchers wore baseball mitts.

FOOTBALL to-day is sometimes described as "rough." But it must be a child's game to the "old days," when it was a free-for-all, played in the streets, and aroused the passions of even parsons who took part in it. In 1593, at North Moreton, the parson, seeing his two sons hard pressed in a scrum during the game, attacked their opponents with his dagger and "broke their heads so that they both died within a fortnight."

NO ORCHIDS FOR THE CENSOR

IT is with a feeling that our world, as we knew it, is tottering that we admit that this is not one of the master's best efforts.

"Old woman, old woman, Will you go a-shearing?" "Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very hard of hearing." "Old woman, old woman, Will you —?" "Thank you very kindly, sir, I hear you very clearly."

Still, we feel that genuine collectors will treasure it, because it was, after all, wrought with a blue pencil which the master himself had chewed.

Good Morning

★ Don't look now — but can you see what we see? Look's, though somebody's been doing a powerful spot of wishing round these parts. What gets us, is how did they know we were wishing for RKO Radio's Virginia Mayo to materialise.

★



★ IT'S OURS, ALL OURS! In Hertfordshire there's a tiny piece of England, called Ashridge Woods, that belongs to all of us. Go walking through these trees some morning in Spring — and thank the National Trust for making this freedom possible. ★



"Now that's what I call a classy dame. Think I'll get me an American sailor's hat for my morning outings in the Broad Walk. Joke — get it? — as that insufferable Smiler says."

★



HOT TOWEL, SIR?
What we want to know is, does the barber charge extra for shaving all five chins?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Never could abide spooks."